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Summary: Drabble about the morning the papers pick up Nancy and Jonathan's story exposing Hawkins Lab.

Exposure

Nancy jumped out of her bed as soon as the alarm clock on her nightstand awoke her. It must be in today, right? She jumped in the shower quickly and got dressed before hurrying down the stairs. She could already hear her father's voice from the kitchen. He sounded almost heated, or well, as close to heated as Ted Wheeler could get. This raised her hopes even further. Normally her father communicated exclusively in grunts from behind the paper in the morning. Something must have gotten him going.

"... it's a damn outrage is what it is! Just goes to show you what happens if you let any kind of schmuck climb the ladder without-" Her father rambled as she entered the kitchen.

"Good morning honey," her mother greeted her softly, worried expression etched in her face.

"Morning," she answered automatically while she looked over her father's shoulder to peer at the newspaper in his hands.

"Would you believe this?" Her father asked her as he pointed at the front page headline she was already reading.

"Ted please, she was Nancy's friend-" her mother started, trying to soften the blow she thought Nancy's was being dealt just now.

LOCAL GIRL KILLED BY HAZARDOUS LEAK OF EXPERIMENTAL
CHEMICALS FROM GOVERNMENT FACILITY

"No," she answered her father before yanking the paper from his hands and running to the hall, almost colliding with Mike as he came down the stairs.

"Hey!" Her father called after her.

"Nancy, where are you going? You haven't had any breakfast!" Her mother called.

Mike gave her a questioning look which she answered by quickly

showing him the headline. He smiled and nodded in response.

"Not hungry, going to school! Oh, and I'm taking your car mom, is that okay?" She called back towards the kitchen while pulling on her shoes, grabbing her coat and bag and her mother's car keys before rushing out the door without waiting for a reply. She might get in trouble for that later but she didn't care.

She drove the familiar way over to the Byers house in a hurry. She had to show him before school.

"Oh hey Nancy!" Joyce answered the door looking surprised. "I thought Jonathan was picking you up?"

"Hi, uh yeah, sorry to just... show up like this but... have you seen today's paper?" She started as Joyce let her inside.

"No, why?"

"What's going on?" She heard Jonathan call from the kitchen and hurried towards it with Joyce in tow.

"Hi," she looked at him as he stood by the stove, frying eggs in a pan while Will waited at the table. She waved to the younger boy.

"Hey," he looked back at her. "Did it- did it come out today?" She loved that he knew immediately.

"Yes."

She put the paper down on the kitchen table as Jonathan came over. Joyce and Will eagerly poured over it. She studied his face as he quickly read the headline and skimmed the first paragraph. He turned to her and gave her a smile she felt herself mirroring.

"We did it. We got them," she said as he stepped toward her and kissed her. A quick, happy kiss, both of them smiling into it.

"Pretty much you did it," he remarked as he held her.

"No. We did it. You and me," she insisted, locking eyes with him.

"This is so awesome!" Will exclaimed as he looked up from the paper. Joyce enveloped them both in a big hug.

"I'm so proud of you."

"Do you want some breakfast?" Jonathan asked as his mother released them.

"Yes please," she answered, but suddenly noting a smell and glanced over to the stove. "But I think you burnt the eggs."

"Oh, shit," Jonathan cursed as he hurriedly removed the pan from the heat. Will laughed and she couldn't stop herself from grinning.

"Okay uh, how about toast instead?" He asked, a bit flustered.

"Sounds great," she answered and took a seat at the table.